



## *The Longhorn Steers*

by Bernice Isaacs

**The steer's horns are long, long, long;**

**Curving in, curving out, curving up.**

**They clash and they bash and they smash;**

**They snort and they grunt and they kick the dust.**

**With a swing of their heads, they untangle their horns,**

**And stalk away with nary a drop of blood.**

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